## THE EVENING MEAL

the Most Delicious and Healthful of all

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## LOVE AND A TITI

RESTANDANT SANGARANGAN KANTANTAN SANGARANGAN SANGARANG

Not a hawk which Hal is to bring, astonished gaze; the easel is bare, huge Not a hawk which Hal is to bring could pounce upon it more keenly than does Lady Lucelle. In an instant she has read it—tearing the meaning from its hastily written lines—with her keen eyes, and has hidden it in her bocom, and the next she goes into the drawing-room, with a smile more languid and placid than usual. Scarcely has she entered than Mrs. Fleming comes toward her.

her.

"My lady has gone to lie down with a bad headache, and begs your lady-ship will kindly make her excuses for her." she says dropping a courtesy.

"Certainly: is there anything I can do, Mrs. Fleming, do you think?" asks Lady Lucelle, with sweet commiseration.

"No, my lady; her ladyship will not permit me to remain in the room. She seems to desire perfect quiet." CHAPTER XL.

Three-quarters of an hour later. In one corner of the room sat the count, the two Misses Lambton and Nugent, playing the rubber. Mamma and Papa are comfortably asleep in two corners by the side of the fireplace. Leaning back in an easy-chair reclines Lady Lucelle, her fan fluttering slowly, her eyes upturned attentively to Bell, who, fidgetting about, thing of Hal, yet feeling himself chained to the side of this fascinating woman, who, by a word now and the, keeps him close to her as easily as if she had him bound hand and fott. Strangely empty the great drawing-room looks with these calls. playing the rubber. Mamma and Papa lly as it she had him bound maid and fott. Strangely empty the great drawing-room looks with these only to make an attempt at filling it; Jeanne is absent, Vane is in his studio, and Clarence—where is he?

"Three by honors," says the count.
"We have all the luck, Miss Maud, all
the luck. Shall we have another rub-

"Oh, yes, please yes!" says Maud, clasping her hands. "It is not at all late, is it, Lady Lucelle?"
"Not at all! And have you won? Oh, yes, play another, and let me watch

But they have played their last for that night, for as the count, with dex-terous hand, shuffles the cards, a serv-

and said, shuffles the cards, a serv-ant enters and hands him a letter. He takes it with his usual smile, but suddenly springs to his feet, white and agitated.

"Oh, what is the matter?" murmurs

, affrightedly. e—the—matter? Oh, nothing!" says the count, with a ghastly smile. "But I am afraid I must take my leav Er—er—important business communica-tion, my dear ladies, nothing of very great consequence, demands, however, my instant attention. Er—er—good night!"

"Good night; so sorry!" murmurs Lady Lucelle, holding his hand that fidgets to be free. "Must you really go,

ount?"
"I must," he says. Then as he goes, polite to the last, he says: "Make my adieux, madame, ff you please. And—and—" he adds, turning and looking over his shoulder, with a smile that makes his face like a piece of ivory that has cracked for a thousand years—"has my dear young friend returned

hat has eracked for a such that has eracked for a such that has eracked for a such that is real, for once, the wild end to that is real, for once, the wild end that is real, for once, the wild end that is real, for once, the wild end to that is real, for once, the wild end to that is real, for once, the wild end to the my task to teach you to forget all, saving the past which we will hold to gether. For—Vane, be strong—I— who cannot see you unhappy without suffering with you—I have to wound and torture you—"

\*\*Think—remember.\*\*

If do, too, well," she breaths. It is his for you now to remember; then will it be my task to teach you to forget all, saving the past which we will hold to gether. For—Vane, be strong—I— who cannot see you unhappy without suffering with you—I have to wound and torture you—"

Truly, the situation grows comical but for the tragedy which lies hidden, like the asp in the fruit—lies hidden to all but her.

but her.

Nugent smothers a yawn behind his handkerchief. "Let's have a hand at map,' he says. "Where is Vane?"

"I am going upstairs to enquire after Lady Ferndale," says Lady Lucelle, "and will send him down to you. Where are you going, Mr. Bell?"

"Didn't you say Hal was in?" says Bell, anxiously. "I must go and see where the boy has been.

Lady Lucelle puts her hand on his arm with a winning smile.

arm with a winning smile.

"Do wait a minute, to please me!

Mrs. Lambton will think it so rude, all

With a low cry he covers his face with his hands and stands mothionless for a minute; then he takes his traveling cloak from the chair where Willis has put it, and turns to leave the room. As he does so his eye rests on the light leathern case containing the rapiers, and with a sudden baleful light flashing for a moment in his eyes, he takes the case and puts it under his cloak.

CHAPTER XLL CHAPTER XLL.

Verona is seated at the table without Verona is seated at the table without a cloud of suspicion or anxiety on her face, and Hal's heart throbs with renewed tenderness as she looks up with a trustful smile. If she could only know the result of his interview with the good father. Certainly that interview was enough to spoil the appetite of any runaway lover, but Hal is young, and he is, moreover, Hal; he has ridden far, emotion is exhausting, and the table, with its white cloth, is spread so temptingly that he draws a long breath as if to throw off his doubts and fears, and makes the best of the situation.

"Now, look here," he says, with much solemnity, "you must make a good dinner."

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"No-no!" he interposes, passionate y, soothingly. "Don't be frightened, which impossible" the impossible impos

The Japanese Imperial library at Toly, soothingly. "Don't be frightened, darling! Go! No, that is impossible."

"Impossible?" she echoes, faintly. "But if father says—"

Then suddenly the truth, the whole reality of the situation breaks upon her, and, with a low cry, she bounds from him, and hides her face in her hands.

Hal goes down on his knees and draws her hands to his lips.

"Verona," he pleads, "my darling, don't keep it from you. I would not. But you must not be so frightened. You make my heart ache to see you look so make my heart ache to see you look so loats and one despatch boat for the Jap-"Hush," she says. "Do not breathe her name; it is not fit to pass your lips she says. "Do not breathe her

With a low, inarticulate cry, he with-draws his arm from her grasp. draws his arm from her grasp.

"Jeanne—where is she,"

Silent she looks up at him.

Maddened by that silence he springs past her, but she catches him.

"Loose me," he crys, between his teath, "Where is Jeanne. Arise, get out of my sight, you—you serpent. Tell me where she is, or——"

And he grasps her arm with a hand of steel. you must not be so frightened. Low make my heart ache to see you look so white and terrified. Listen, darling! There is no occasion for alarm. It is all my fault. I didn't make enquiries. darling! m. It is

I was so set upon getting you away from them that I didn't think of what arm with a winning smile.
"Do wait a minute, to please met Mrs. Lambton will think it so rude, all of n. leaving her!"
What can Bell do? He bows, goes back to his chair, and sits and stars and the sounded have back to his chair, and sits and stars at the somnolent pair in a restless fidget about Hal.
Outside the door, in the hall, Lady Lucelle pauses a momen', and draws a long breath.

Author beside himself, Hall and cumming, she is brave; but her cheek pales a little, and her heart throes a will be a low roadside inn, at Durack. There is a Venetian glass in a cak pane setting in the coridor; he stars the somnolent extension of her face.

With a low cry she withdraws he thank, springs from him, and sinks into a fair. Almost beside himself, Hall a low cry she withdraws he thank, springs from him, and sinks into a fair. Almost beside himself, Hall a low cry she withdraws he thank, springs from him, and sinks into a fair. Almost beside himself, Hall a low cry she withdraws he thank and summer thank and summer thank and the stands over her, pouring out endearments a low grant at law steen alarm, not a him, not at her lower, but circumstances, and all Hal's bead over her, pouring out endearments and caresses, and imploring her to be calm. But the simple, trusting nature are lower, but circumstances, and all Hal's bead over her as she will earned the wind sweeps over the hillitops.

White and stumed, his hand drops the head of the star of the wind sweeps over the hillitops.

You want the simple, trusting nature are a staken alarm, not a him, not at her possionate pleadings sweeps over the alliton. But he wind sweeps over the hillitops.

White and stumed, his hand drops the condition of chiese and foreign goods. The Japanese are taking an active part the beads over, not will be a lower, not will be a low feel in the simple trusting nature and a law the nearly provided the door, and prepare for her hall suffer the simple trusting nature and the many sweeps over the hillitops.

White and stumed, his hand drops the lower was to follow

# QUALITY COUNTS Blue Rebbon

That's what has made BLUE RIBBON the STANDARD to-day.

This is why you should BUY BLUE RIBBON. Only one BEST. BLUE RIBBON TEA.

Pekin is to have a industrial and commercial museum for the permanent exhibition of Chinese and foreign goods. The Japanese are taking an active part in its organization. The buildings are in Japanese style and Japanese merchants and manufacturers will exhibit freely. Hongkong's new dock will have three patent slipways, worked by electric power. nOe will be 490 feet long, taking vessels of 2,700 tons weight and the two others will be 290 feet long, taking vessels of 2,000 tons weight.

The Dutch East Indies buy their coal, hardware, matches and paper from Japan.

This is why you should by the property of the

lodge themselves beaten.

Although so formidable in appearance this insect is perfectly harmless. It lives in the heavy forests and feeds on the sweetish sap or gum of native trees. The larva, or grub is about four inches long and as thick as a man's thumb and looks like a huge white magget It is considerable. y. and as these as a man's thumb and looks here like a huge white maggot. It is considerlowlowcet a delicacy by the native negroes and caribs, who roast it in hot ashes and say that it tastes like roasted nuts.

that it tastes like roasted nuts.

Clumsy in appearance, the Hercules beetle possesses great powers of flight, and in the outlying villages it is not uncommon for one of these huge creatures to enter the native houses, being attracted thereto by the lights. The invariable result is a prompt extingishing of the candle by the wind created by the beetle's buzzing wings, accompanied by screams from the inmates of the house, who imagine a jumbie, or evil spirit, has invaded their dwelling.

A popular belief among the natives is

A popular belief among the natives is that the Hercules beetle saws off limbs of trees by grasping them between the two horn like appendages and flying round and round. This is a manifest impossibility, as the insect has but little power in the horns and, moreover, the upper one is lined with a soft, velvety hair, which would be rubbed off at once by any friction. by any friction.

### \*\*\*\*\*\*\* How to Tend Furnaces

When the average resident of the average detached house has laid in his ten tons of hard coal, his waggonload of hardwood, and bought a new ash sifter, he considers that he is prepared for a hard winteger, no matter how high or low the mercury column may choose to stand. As a matter of fact, this same householder, in the aggregate, will send tens of thousands of dollars' worth of fuel out of house chimneys this winter, in spite of all the raspings, dust and manipulations of his ash

An improper shaking of the grates often is responsible for a fire's going out. The grates are shaken too hard, and hot coal is mixed with the ashes, and the whole formation of the fire is so broken up as to destroy its combustible arangement. One of the essentials in burning hard coal is that the fire shall not be disturbed and the fire strata broken up. When to shake a grate is a good deal; how to shake it is more. To shake invariable as possible, however, is the invariable rule for clearing a grate, and thus the subject may be dismissed.

In mild, dry weather the disposition of the fire may be to burn too strongfor the heat required in the house. If so, a proper accumulation of ashes in the firebox is necessary. Don't disturb the grates under such circumstances.

On the other hand, when heavy weather, with its chill and damp, makes heat An improper shaking of the grates

On the other hand, when heary weather, with its chill and damp, makes heat imperative, through the house, shake the grates, gently but thoroughly. Also in any pinch of clear, cold weather, when the furnace is to be taxed for a time in warming the house, clear the grates of ashes and keep them clear. The dampers then may be depended upon for any check upon the draught until the rapidly forming ash again will serve. The one point to be observed always by the furnace tender is that when the house is too hot at any time the waste of fuel is as certain as if that amount of coal were dropping through the grates and going into the ash pile outside. And always when the house is too hot it may be set down that heat also is wasting at the chimner to be

ney top.

A furnace fire is something to be anticipated. The heat delivered at the registers —or at the raidators— is a result to be anticipated some time registers—or at the radators—is a result to be anticipated some time after combustion in the firebox has reached a high degree of heat. Also when this degre of heat in the firebox is reached it may be anticipated that, without any more fuel in the firebox, heat will continue to be delivered for some time thereafter.

Further than this, it must be remembered that a shovelful of hard coal pushed to rapid combustion at

coal pushed to rapid combustion at the moment it is most needed may save a half bushel of fuel fed into the firebox and burned too slowly at the firebox and burned too slowly at the beginning and too fast in the end. This is due to the fact that the house, once warmed, easily may be main-tained at an agreeable temperal are thereafter; also to the fact that when a large heap of hard coal is once thoroughly ignited it will con-tinue to burn in spite of all the check dampers that can be brought into use, resulting in an overheated house, the attendant discomfort, and the waste of fuel.

In mid winter more coal is wasted by the careless fireman early in the morning than at any other time of the day. It comes from the disposition of the fireman to shovel in coal simply, because the house is cold.

Properly handled, the furnace fire at bedtime should have burned to a heap of live coals. The necessity for heat in the coals comes from the fact that the coals for banking the night fire acts to an extent as an extinguisher.

The coal is cold, and with its weight and thickness added it will not extinguisher. thickness added it will put out a fire that is not hot enough to start combustion immediately. Just enough of this coal to hold the fire over night should be used — just enough that in the morning the surface of the banked coal shows black above the shallow crevices glowing

tial ones. The movement in favor of the special forms and the more special forms and the special forms and the

### BABY'S HEALTH.

"When a child is well, give it no medicine," is a wholesome adage. But at the first sign of trouble the careful at the first sign of trouble the careful mother will give Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers, and teething troubles. They contain not one particle of opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff, yet they give refreshing sleep because they remove the cause of sleep because they remove the cause of sleeplessness, and the child awakens bright and well. Mrs. F. McIntosh, Wabigoon, Ont., says. "Baby's Own Tab-lets wrought a wonderful change in my little one. When he was two months old he began to fail and cried almost old he began to fail and cried almost night and day. But after giving him the tablets he grew well and is now a bright laughing baby, who scarce ever gives any trouble. The Tablets are surely a blessing to both mother and child." All druggists sell these Tablets or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.